They haue their wiſedome, by their wit to looſe.
Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by deſtiny.
Por. Come draw the Curtaine *Nerriſſa.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where is my Lady?
Por. Heere, what would my Lord?
Meſſ. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignifie th'approching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;
To wit (beſides commends and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich valew; yet I haue not ſeene
So likely an Embaſſador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came ſo ſweet,
To ſhew how coſtly Summer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his Lord.
Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-fear'd
Thou wilt ſay anon he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpendſt ſuch high day wit in praiſing him:
Come, come *Nerriſſa*, for I long to ſee
Quicke Cupids poſt that comes ſo mannerly.
Ner. Baſſanio Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exit.*

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?
Salar. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ſhip of rich lading wrackt on the narrowe ſeas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, & fatal, wher the carkaſſes of many a tall ſhippe lie buried, as they ſay, if my goſſips report be an honeſt woman of her word.
Salan. I would ſhee were as a lying goſſippe in that, as euer knapt Ginger, or made her neighbors beleeue ſhe wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any ſlippes of prolixity, or croſſing the plaine highway of talk, that the good

Antho-

Anthonio, the honeſt *Anthonio*, O that I had a title good inough to keepe his name company.
Salar. Come, the full ſtop.
Sal. Ha, what ſaiſt thou? why the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.
Salar. I would it might proue the end of his loſſes.
Salan. Let me ſay Amen betimes, leaſt the deuill croſſe my prayer, for heere he comes in the likeneſſe of a Iew.

Enter Shylocke.

How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Marchants?
Shy. You know, none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my daughters flight.
Salar. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Taylor that made the wings ſhe flew withall.
Salan. And *Shylocke* for his owne part knew the Birde fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leaue Dam. *Shy.* She is damn'd for it.
Salar. That's certaine, if the diuell may be her iudge.
Shy. My owne fleſh and blood to rebell.
Salan. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at theſe yeares.
Shy. I ſay my daughter is my fleſh and blood.
Salar. There is more difference betweene thy fleſh and d then betweene Iet and Iuory: more between your bloods, there is between red wine & renniſh: but tell vs, do you h whether *Anthonio* haue had at loſſe a ſea or no?
Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a proc who dare ſcarſe ſhew his head on the Ryalto, a begger tha vſd to come ſo ſmug vpon the Mart: let him looke to his b he was wont to call me vſurer, let him looke to his bond; h wont to lend money for a Chriſtian curtſie, let him looke bond.
Salar. Why I am ſure if he forfet, thou wilt not take his what's that good for?
Shyl. To baite fiſh withall; if it will feede nothing els i feed my reuenge: he hath diſgrac'd me, and hindred me h millions, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gaines, ſcorned m